

THE COUNTRY STAGE-DRIVER.

You cannot find a man to-day More hearty in his word or way Than he who drove, some years ago, The village-rousing tallyho. I mean the typic driver, who The straight way to your good-will knew: Who cracked his whip and cracked his joke, And called by name the country folk: Who told you more in one short ride, If you and he sat side by side, Than half a dozen men could tell, Or you could e'er remember well. Who knew each home his long route passed, Its history, from first to last. If it had ups and downs in life, If it shirked the man, or worked the wife: Who taught a moral, told a tale, Portrayed what turned a red cheek pale: Was doctor, lawyer, prophet, too, For he could say what all should do. I miss him here among these hills Whose circuit now his memory fills. Where, pressed against his burly side, I felt his strong pulse through the ride. Big, honest fellow, with a grasp That held your hand as in a clasp— Recalling faces scarcely seen, And keeping many a memory green— Peace, peace to him! who, four-in-hand, Did not his team alone command, But, cheery voiced, as you may know, Each genial heart on his tallyho. —Ralph H. Shaw, in N. Y. Ledger.

THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

The colonel smiled profusely. He had heard the tale before. "I rather wonder he did not come down on us with an order for examination this time," he observed. "Well, I reckon from what they got out of it before that he thought he'd do better to take somebody that had gone through the workings without an order from the court," suggested the superintendent, with a grin. Col. Meredith thrummed absently on the table, his eyes fixed in frowning thought upon the floor. "It would simplify matters," he observed at length, evidently referring to some proposition that had been discussed before. "The mine has stopped work, you say." "Yes; engine broke down," McCready's tone conveying a hint of subtle humor in the explanation. "Well, if you can make it go—I don't know that we take any great chances," the colonel said, rising with distinct intimation that he considered the interview at an end. "But there is no object in carrying the joke too far. I would stop short of the dislocated shoulder this time if I were you. Come, Dorothy," but he started with surprise as he looked at her, exclaiming with genuine concern: "But what is the matter, child?—are you sick?" "I believe—I think I have a slight headache," she nervously returned, a wave of red suddenly dyeing her cheeks. "The heat"—she stopped to pass her hands in a bewildered way across her eyes—"it is stifling, is it not?" "I hope you're not going to have mountain fever," her father impatiently ejaculated, seizing upon her hand to feel her pulse. "I don't know but we've been givin' Miss Meredith suthin' of a scare with our talk," McCready mumbled, in a somewhat jocular tone of apology from the door. "Mebbe she thinks she's got in with some pretty tough citizens;" but nobody was giving heed to what he said. "A little too fast," the colonel pronounced, releasing the wrist while he shut his watch with an impatient snap. "I dare say it is nothing; but you would better take some quinine and go to bed." "Yes; I do not care for any supper, I will go back to my room," Dorothy murmured, hurriedly, carefully avoiding a glance at McCready as she passed him at the door. "Take at least five grains of quinine," her father anxiously advised, looking after her. "And I will send you some toast and tea." Five grains of quinine! How far would that go toward sparing Harvey Neil a dislocated shoulder? How far toward saving her father from the disgrace of even tacit acquiescence in such villainous work? Dorothy laughed in hysterical amusement as she restlessly paced her room, a laugh which ended in something like a sob. She had always been so proud of her father; proud of the instinctive refinement which spoke in the almost finical care of his person, in the temperateness, well-nigh austerity, of his living; of his fine appearance in the world of men; of his brilliant war record, when his title had been won by signal bravery in the field; of the unbroken series of business successes which had given him the power and prestige of money. However they might malign him, men treated him with a deference which she had always accepted as just tribute to his worth, looking up to him in that hero-worship which seems an innate impulse of the woman nature. That this admiration so boundlessly fostered was not all love she had hardly realized until now, when she seemed to feel herself shrinking back from him with a sort of horror. Words that in a moment of excitement her mother had uttered years ago came back to her now as she paced the floor. "I hope you have inherited your father's temperament—for your father has no heart," the unhappy wife had sobbed, bitterly regarding the child, who had been too young then fully to grasp the meaning of the words. "People who have no hearts are never hurt; they only hurt other people; and for them it is better so," she had gone on to say; and now for the first time Dorothy seemed to understand. It was true. He had no heart, no feeling; if he had, he could not have smiled in passive consent to such an iniquitous scheme as that McCready had unfolded that afternoon; he must have felt the shame of it. Thank Heaven, she had not inherited his temperament! It was to be a moral monstrosity, one of nature's most pitiable freaks. She had worked herself into such a passion that she seemed hardly capable of coherent thought. Suddenly realizing that this would not do, she seated herself by the window, steadily gazing out at the flame fringed clouds rimming the western hills. She must be calm to think what was to be done, for action of some sort appeared to her inevitable. The idea of appealing to her father she impatiently abandoned as useless. Far rather would she get warning to Neil himself; but where was the messenger who would serve her purpose without danger of betrayal? Could she wait until her father had retired for the night and go herself? Two miles of lonely mountain climbing might have seemed a startling proposition at another time; but now, in her intense preoccupation, she had not a thought for her own safety, scarcely even for the conventionalities to be violated in such an enterprise. At first, though, it seemed the simplest, surest way; and she only faltered, thinking what she might say if brought face to face with Harvey Neil, how to express her warning without too darkly reflecting upon her father's connection with the matter, while there was the more troublous doubt as to what might be Neil's thought of her coming. It might imply—too much! And then, worse than all else, she might, after all, be too late. The night shift went on at 11 o'clock. Some other plan must be devised; but what could she do? Despairingly she wrung her hands as she looked up at the hills now growing dark in the shadow—"the hills whence cometh my help." The words came to her mind, as vagrant thoughts slip in, but half recognized, in moments of keen excitement; and she repeated them over with a vague sense of comfort, until gradually their meaning seemed luminous. Ah, there must be help! God could not mean that she was to sit helpless while that great wrong was being perpetrated. He would show her the way! And a moment later her faith seemed strangely justified in a chance remark of the servant who brought her supper. "That Chinaman was up for your pa's wash this afternoon," the girl observed, pausing for brief enjoyment of the quid of chewing-gum in her mouth, as she leisurely disposed the tray upon a table. "But you was out, 'n' so I told him he must come again." "Oh, yes; the Chinaman. Tell him to come right up, please," Dorothy exclaimed, ready to clap her hands for joy at this solution of the dilemma. Hop Sing might be trusted with a note; a carrier pigeon could not be more unswervingly direct in executing the trust, nor more silent about it afterward. She knew Hop Sing only by sight, but this was enough to assure her that he was the one for the mission. In a moment a few words had been written, conveying the warning in simplest phrase, the note unsiged, but so expressed that she felt its sincerity could not be questioned; and then, hurriedly pinning on her hat and seizing her purse, she flew down the stairs. She could not wait for the girl's message to bring the man to her; she would go to the laundry herself. Hop Sing, squirting water through his teeth upon a pile of rough-dried clothes heaped up on a table before him, looked up with the mechanical smile of his kind as the young lady appeared in the doorway. "You wan' washee? Flifty cent a dozen," he beamingly exclaimed, as she hesitated to explain her errand. "I want to send a note—this note—to Mr. Neil at the Mascot mine," she breathlessly returned, showing the envelope. "You know Mr. Neil?" "Hop Sing looked faintly puzzled, but his smile was unchanging. "You wan' Misser Neil washee?" he jerkily ejaculated, mechanically going on with his work upon the clothes before him. "Where you tiecky, eh?" "No; oh no," she despairingly murmured, glancing back at the door. "Somebody might be coming in at any moment. 'Tis this note for Mr. Neil. I want you to take it to him." Hop Sing smiled rather more broadly, looking somewhat less like a graven image. "Misser Neil wan' washee? Where tiecky, eh? Loss tiecky, eh?" he chirped, with an air of having solved the problem, adding with a series of little nods, while his beady eyes brightened, "heep mans lose dam tiecky. Too thin. No go. No have tiecky, no get washee." "O—h!" poor Dorothy wailed in utter hopelessness, turning to the door. But she would not give up; this was her only chance. She must make him understand. She turned with an inspiration drawing a silver dollar from her purse. Hop Sing looked interested. "It is for you—you shall have it—if you will carry this note to Mr. Neil at the Mascot mine," she said, speaking very slowly and impressively. There could be no question that the dollar was almighty to the mind of Hop Sing. The sight of it was as a galvanic touch, sending him at a hurried shuffle to a back door. There was a brief cackling conference, at the end of which a smiling colleague appeared, his face creased in blandest smiles, his knowledge of English equal to the occasion. And when Dorothy returned to the hotel a moment later it was to see him trotting before her up the street, while she had the satisfying knowledge that her warning went safely hidden in his sleeve to be in Harvey Neil's hands within the hour. "Thank heaven!" she murmured, drawing a long breath, as she stopped in the door to look after him. "Thank God for letting me do it!" But after all her pains it was fated that Harvey Neil should not be fore-

warned with the friendly warning. He had not returned from Tomtown when the Chinaman appeared at the Mascot shaft-house, but that messenger considered his mission accomplished when the superintendent took the little note from his hand with a careless: "All right; I'll hand it to Mr. Neil." Events, however, conspired to delay Neil's coming that when he rode up the old trail that night it lacked but a few minutes of the hour when it had been arranged that Baker was to meet him at the stable, and leaving his horse at the stable, he rode directly by the shaft-house, up the hill. It was his custom to take a look about the mine the last thing before he retired at night, and he saw no especial reason for stopping now. He seated himself on the doorstep of the cabin, lighted his pipe while he impatiently speculated whether or not the man would come, and if he did, what answer he would bring. But he could not face the possibility of the fellow's failing him now; his testimony must be procured, cost what it would; for the visit to Tomtown that afternoon had revealed the fact that Brigham had that day disappeared; and now, unless this man, Baker, with his later knowledge of the mine, could be induced to come forward in his place, Neil felt that his case was almost lost. And failure now had come to mean a thousandfold more to him than mere loss of money; it would stand for complete vindication of her father in Dorothy Meredith's eyes, with resultant stigma upon Neil's course. He felt that his whole hold upon her respect, the whole success of his wooing, depended upon proving to her through this verdict of an unprejudiced jury how just had been his stand. He could not go to her and plead his case, condemning her father with every word; but he had eagerly counted upon reaching her with the truth through this trial. He must win. He had not long to wait before a figure came slinking down the hill, dodging in zigzag course among the shadows of the trees. "Well?" ejaculated Neil in tense inquiry, going a few steps to meet him. "Well, you know we broke down over there this afternoon," the fellow awkwardly began. "Yes; I noticed the engine had stopped," Neil returned, impatiently. "But how about your testifying for us to-morrow?" "I dunno's I kin earn a hundred dollars any easier—though, of course, I shall lose my job," he hesitantly drawled. "But I told you that I would give you another," returned Neil, quickly, drawing a long breath of relief, counting that the bargain was made. "I ben thinkin' that mebbe there's a chance for you to go down 'n' take a

look around yourself if you've a mind to," Baker irreverently rejoined. "You see, there's me 'n' Bob Loysen on watch to-night—we've got the first shift, 'n' there's nobody but us up there now. 'N' when it comes to testifyin'—well, I paced off the first 'n' second levels just now—Bob keepin' watch above—'n' I kinder looked round 'n' sized things up, but think's I'll be hanged if I'd know what to say about it if anybody arst me after all. If only you'd go down yourself 'n' jest figger out what you want me to tell—" "You're sure it's safe?" Neil exclaimed, knocking the ashes from his pipe with an air which said that already he had assented to the proposition. In truth, he was tingling with delight in this opportunity, which, in the face of Brigham's defection, appeared fairly providential. "How about this other fellow?" "Well, I talked it over with him 'n' of course it means that he'll lose his job, too; but I told him I knew you'd make it right with him." "Certainly; he shall have a place on the Mascot to-morrow if he wants it," Neil promised at once. "But he'll need a little greasin' in advance," the other protested; "\$50 cash, he said. 'N' I was thinkin' mebbe you'd give me a little suthin' extra, too, Mr. Neil, bein' I'll be takin' some chances. If we'd get ketch'd at it, I expect the boss 'ud smash our bloomin' heads for us." "All right; I'll give you \$50 apiece if you'll let me down in the mine and give me an hour to make examinations," Neil agreed eagerly. "In advance?" "In advance, if you say so." "All right; better come right along then, for the coast is clear now," the fellow said; "somebody might come moseyin' round later." A sudden impulse of prudence caused Neil to pause. "I suppose I may take my six-shooter," he observed, tentatively. "Oh, sure; load yourself up like an arsenal if you like," returned the fellow with a grin, which seemed to make Neil's momentary doubt ridiculous. Still he thought it wise to go inside and get the gun as well as a note-book before he followed Baker's lead up the hill.



"You wan' Misser Neil washee?"

Ten minutes later the bargain was completed, the money paid over and Neil was proceeding down the ladder-way of the Grubstake mine, the heavy trap door shut over his head. "Well," exclaimed Baker's companion, eyeing the roll of bills in his hands as though he were hardly satisfied with the wage after all. "I'd hate to be here when he comes up—whenever that is." "If he's down very long, you needn't worry," returned the other coolly. "If they don't get the pumps goin' within 24 hours, he won't have nothin' to say when he comes up." "Why, good Lord!—they wouldn't dast to go that far, would they?" gasped the slower-witted colleague, looking frightened. "McCready'd go to hell to get even with Harvey Neil," returned Baker, emphatically. "But we ain't got nothin' to do with it. We've done our work 'n' we've got well paid for it, with more comin'." The boss'll look after the rest—you bet."

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THE TURKISH BANNER.

Romantic History of the Treasured Standard of the Moslems.

One of the treasures of the Muslim world is the green banner of the caliph, which has a curious and romantic history. At a place called Josef, in the month of May, 632 A. D., more than 1,250 years ago, Mohammed, the Arabian prophet, lay sick, and said to Osama, a youthful son of one of his late lieutenants: "Lead thou the army unto the place where thy father was killed and destroy it utterly. Lo! I make thee commander of the army." Recovering on the Thursday following, Mohammed attended to his devotions, then with his own hands bound upon a flagstaff "A Banner for the Army," and consecrated it to the cause of Allah before all his people, saying: "Fight ye beneath this banner, in the name of the Lord, and for His cause. Thus shall ye discomfort and slay the people that disbelieveth in the Lord." All Muslims—a term given to the followers of the prophet, and used in the same way as the word Christian—irrespective of sect, are aware that the safe keeping of the green banner of Islam, consecrated by the prophet himself for the people of the prophet in all lands and throughout all time, has passed from caliph to caliph. The name caliph denotes a title of honor to be borne by the successors of the Sheik ul Islam, that is, the head of Muslims. The title caliph is borne by him whom the Mohammedan world, irrespective of race, recognizes as king of kings; his subjects may reside in British India, on French soil in Africa, or be spread over the vastness of Asia—while the green banner lies unfurled in the Yildiz Kiosk, the sultan's church or mosque, the world's peace is secured. The powers of Europe know it, and therein dwells the secure position of Turkey.—Public Opinion.

A Good System.

The young postmaster of a village was hard at work in his office when a gentle tap was heard upon the door and in stepped a blushing maiden of 16, with a money order which she wished cashed. She handed it, with a bashful smile, to the official, who, after closely examining it, gave her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order. "No, I have not," she replied, "for I cannot make it out. Will you please read it for me?" The young postmaster read as follows: "I send you 10s. and a dozen kisses."

Glancing at the bashful girl he said: "Now, I have paid you the money and I suppose you want the kisses?" "Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses I want them, too." It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid and in a scientific manner. On reaching home the delighted maiden remarked to her mother: "Mother, this post office system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature seems to be the best. Jimmy sent me a dozen kisses along with the money order, and the postmaster gave me 20. It beats the special delivery system all hollow."—Tit-Bits.

Making Sure of the Collection. A troupe of wandering musicians were playing before a Swiss hotel. At the end of the performance one of the members left the group, approached the leader of the band, and pulled out a little paper box, which he emptied into his left hand, while the eyes of the leader followed every movement. He then took a plate in his right hand, passed it round, and a large sum was collected, everyone meanwhile wondering what he held in his left hand. "Why, it's very simple," said the leader, when questioned, "We are all subject to temptation, and, to be sure of the fidelity of our collector, he has to hold five flies in his left hand, and we count these first when he returns to make sure of the money."—Tit-Bits.

An Ancient Egyptian Custom. The ancient Egyptians, at their grand festivals and parties of pleasure, always had a coffin placed on the table at meals, containing a mummy or a skeleton of painted wood, which was presented to each guest with this admonition: "Look upon this and enjoy yourself; for such will you become when divested of your mortal garb."—Albany Argus.

Evasive. Policeman (to suspicious-looking character)—Have you been passing any bad money? Suspicious-Looking Character—Dunno, guv'nor. Have you bin droppin' any?—London Fun.

A pair of rubbers and a pouting spell last a woman about the same length of time.—Aitchison Globe.

Brutal Suggestion. Scene: Newly-married pair on bench in park; old gentleman supposed to be asleep. She—My darling! He—My dove! She—My doggie! He—My pussy! She—My duck! He—My pretty birdie! She—My gooseie! He—My lambkin! Old gentleman (interrupting, brutally)—Can't you call each other Noah's arks, and have done with it?—Tit-Bits.

Neither Satisfied. Because she has to curl her hair My wife is nearly always late; The colored coo spends all her cash For stuff to make her wool grow straight. —Puck.

DON'T BELIEVE IN SIGNS.



Mr. Jayseed—Hey, there! Can't you read that their sign? Mr. Nervie—I can; but you are misinformed, my dear sir. There is fishing here.—Up-to-Date.

Degrees of Foolishness. That man Barker is the biggest fool I ever saw. He never talks about anything but himself. "I don't know that you ought to call him the biggest fool for that." "Do you sanction that sort of thing?" "No, but Barker doesn't know much about anything else. The biggest fool is the one who tries to talk about things he doesn't understand!"—Cleveland Leader.



RESUMPTION OF STUDY IN THE UNIVERSITIES.

Your Mission. If you cannot on the ocean Sail among the swiftest fleet, Rocking on the highest billow, Smiling at the storms you meet, You can splash among the bathers, Labor in the world's behalf; If you wear a homemade costume You can make somebody laugh. —Chicago News.

The Cat Came Back. Todd—Don't kill it. Nodd—Why not? Todd—It's apt to make a worse noise dead than alive; they make fiddle-strings of catgut.—Town Topics.

It Often Works That Way. Drummer—What were the gross receipts of the ice-cream festival given by the ladies of the church last night? Squam Corners Merchant—Nine dollars and odd cents, in the hole.—Puck.

All of a Color. "Maj. Moonshine feels blue about his grass crop," said one Kentucky farmer to another. "Well, it's bluegrass, isn't it?" was the reply.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He's Satisfied. She—How would you like to try your luck in the Klondike? He—Well, I should say not. We're engaged. You have a million. I'm not a pork.—Detroit Free Press.

Lizard Diet Cures Cancer. An Austrian clergyman named Gentillini declares he has discovered a certain cure for cancer in a lizard diet. By this extraordinary remedy he is said to have already cured 30 cancer patients.

Purses. She has a very empty head— That giddy damsel, you— And yet her head's the only thing She plumes herself upon. —Puck.

When He Gets It. Visitor—Does mamma give you anything for being a good boy? Tommy—No; she gives it to me when I ain't.—Tit-Bits.

Silence Is Golden. Dodo—Now, tell me, what do you people think of me? Penguin—And make you my enemy for life? Not much!—Tit-Bits.

Safe from Squandering. Mrs. Shadbolt—I think it's a shame—the reckless way you spend your money. You never seem to think it's time to begin to lay up something for old age! No, I don't want you to speculate, but I do think you might put a little money in some permanent investment once in awhile. Mr. Shadbolt (with evident reluctance)—That's what I've been doing, my dear. I lent Dinguss ten dollars this morning.—Chicago Tribune.

Unheard-Of Indignity. "When that there young dude wanted to borrow a knife to cut an apple two," said Uncle Zeke, "I offered him mine. Opened the big blade for him. He looked at it 'n' turned up his nose. 'Twasn't good enough, I reckon. An' they ain't a better knife nowher's. Blade was as sharp as a razor, too. Alwuz use it fur cuttin' my terbacker. Some folks makes me mighty blame tired!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Celebrity. No scholar he, of classic fame, No brainy, keen inventor, Plain Reuben Muggins is his name— He lives at Pogy Center. But, ah! his letters have a place 'Mid those of wisest sages, And countless papers use his face To decorate their pages. What has he done, or seen, or braved To cause this great commotion? Why, he's the man whose life was saved By "Skinner's Pigweed Lotion." —L. A. W. Bulletin.

Passing Joylessly. Henpek—Come up to my house to-morrow night; I'm going to celebrate my golden wedding. Wiseman—Golden wedding! Why, man, you've only been married three years! Henpek—I know it; but it seems so, so everything is all right.—Up-to-Date.

Silence Gave Consent. Claud—Did you hear about young Harpud? Maud—No. Claud—He proposed to a deaf and dumb heiress, and now he's suing for breach of promise on the ground that silence gives consent.—N. Y. World.

There Are Others. As the waiting wife, at two in the morning, Heard his stumbling step out on the walk, "It is not widows only," she muttered; "Who of their late husbands can talk." —Up-to-Date.

Genuine Grief. "I suppose it makes you feel pretty serious to have your husband go to that far-off gold field?" "Yes, it does. He's consumptive, you know, and I'm afraid he won't live to get out enough stuff to make it any object."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Something to Sit On. "Is your daughter's new house full of fine furniture?" "Yes. Whenever I go to see her I take a camp-stool with me."—Chicago Record.

Honor. A highly-honored name he bore, Although his crimes were rank. He had the dust, and so his name Was honored at the bank. —Chicago Journal.

MUST BE CRAZY. Mrs. Oldgirl—Doctor, I wish to consult you with regard to my husband. He is very irritable, and although he loves me dearly he— Doctor—Ah, I see! You want to have him committed to an asylum.—St. Louis Republic.

Remember This. When woman gets to boasting That she knows just when to speak, You may set it down as certain That's exactly where she's weak. —Chicago Record.

Head as a Door Nail. "I'm surprised to hear that you are to be married again; your husband hasn't been dead over six months." "Yes, but he is as dead as he ever will be."—Town Topics.



"You wan' Misser Neil washee?"